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PRINCIPLES AND POLICY

SOMETHING last week—perhaps too much—about the personalities of the new ownership of the *Saturday Review*. A brief word now about the paper's policy.

Of course, there will be no sudden, violent, or particular change. Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby is still the editor; his office staff still sit at their desks. There is not one amongst us all who does not profess and call himself a true, sincere Conservative. That is not to say that our minds are closed to argument, reason, or appeal. There has been more nonsense talked—always by Socialists, often by Liberals, and sometimes by Conservatives themselves—about Toryism than about the Einstein theory itself. Nothing, except folly, is exempt from alteration.

The Conservatism of the *Saturday Review* will be a true Conservatism—as the *Saturday Review* sees it. It will not be the die-hard reactionary obstinacy, which, if it be not wholly a myth, has few sincere protagonists. It will certainly not be the sort of Conservatism which, being scared by shadows, at home and abroad, takes refuge in shifts and shuffles coloured by the penny paint box of Socialism.

It is the proper function and the privilege of a weekly Review to furnish a pulpit for those who have things to say which are worth hearing. Signed articles in the *Saturday Review* will commit none but their authors to the views which they express. Obviously we shall not furnish a pulpit for what is vicious, mean, unpatriotic, or stupid. But we shall not be afraid of publishing in this way what we think important, whether we support

or oppose the contention. The clear expression of what the *Saturday Review* thinks will be found in the Notes of the Week and in unsigned Editorial comment.

All this may sound alarming, portentous, dull. And it would be a frantic boast to declare that there would never be a dull page in the *Saturday Review*. If that should be so, we should be indeed unique amongst all the journals and periodicals of this land. But we shall try very hard not to be dull, or heavy, or portentous. The power to laugh—at oneself as well as at others—is the sole preserver of sanity. So we shall seek laughter in order to ensure sanity.

Books, all sorts of books, theatres, music, pictures, films, and broadcasting: here are social and human activities with which a weekly review exists—perhaps pre-eminently—to deal. A great deal of our space will be devoted to these subjects week by week. It is not our ambition to rehearse or rehash the petty politics and transient issues of the day. Are there not enough daily papers of varying degrees?

We shall not slate for the sake of slating, try to be "savage and tartarly," or damn with faint praise. We revel in a real independence. We are not even—unhappily, it may be, for ourselves—dependent on the good graces of large advertisers. We shall simply tell the truth as we see it. We shall praise and encourage whatever is good and ignore what is mediocre. But when—in politics, sport, art or religion—we find what is base, rotten, pretentious or unscrupulous, we shall not be careful to answer in these matters.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT has resumed after the short Whitsun recess, and the remainder of the session will be short, since the House of Commons proposes to rise in the middle of July. Its present business is the Finance Bill, which is likely to have an easy passage—though the House rightly shows a desire to debate at some length the Government's exchange proposals—and apart from that, there will probably be discussions on Lausanne, Ottawa, and the Irish Free State. There will be no social legislation.

Economy Schemes.

The air is full of rumours regarding the Government's economy schemes, and savings of a hundred millions, or a hundred and fifty millions a year, are predicted by those who talk big and think small. As to that, there is only one thing to be said. Every available economy must be made, but the cuts must be carefully done, with a proper sense of justice, so that they commend themselves to the conscience of the country if not to the individual who suffers in person.

This means, of course, that they must be done piecemeal and in detail, not in one fell swoop. It means, too, that conversion of War Loan must go hand in hand with economies on social and defence services, or there will be searchings of heart as to the relative sacrifice which will fritter away the fine and stoical spirit which this nation has faced the emergency of the past months.

Hysteria or Caution?

Mr. Baldwin's emphatic denunciation of the wave of hysteria regarding the financial and economic situation, which he declared on Wednesday was visible in some quarters of the country, was not very happily expressed. There are optimists and pessimists, as there are bulls and bears, Liberals and Conservatives, conformists and Non-conformists; and the optimists are usually in a majority, or life would not go on at all. But during the last three years, and more especially

the last year, the optimists have perforce kept silence, and the pessimists have had their say.

That does not mean hysteria, far less panic; indeed, the country has kept its head singularly well through a crisis which has involved not merely the State, but a large proportion of individuals, in heavy losses. Mr. Baldwin, I am sure, would have made this point had it occurred to him; but he does rather seem to forget that optimism cannot be bought—it must be caught.

The root of the trouble at the moment is not merely that people are still licking their wounds over their losses, but that those losses are not in any recognisable sense their own fault. A man who subscribed to one of the wild-cat flotations of 1927 or 1928 knows perfectly well—and to do him justice, usually admits candidly enough after the event—that he made a fool of himself in a wild gamble, and that it is only just that he should pay the piper. But a great deal of the money lost in 1930 and 1931 has been money that was carefully and shrewdly invested by men of judgment and experience.

Admittedly their judgment has turned out to be wrong. But it is only fair to recollect that on the factors, known to them at the time, that judgment would have been right; it was simply that they could not foresee the general collapse in prices. It is this, more than anything else, that makes them cautious to-day; their judgment on the individual case may be right, but in view of the unknown factors they prefer not to take risks which may turn out disastrously.

Monetary Policy.

Even the man on the bus top is discussing the future of our Pound at home and abroad. Mr. Chamberlain is steering between two whirlpools as he sees them, the Scylla of Inflation and the Charybdis of Deflation. Mr. Churchill wants an international monetary conference, or at all events an Anglo-American agreement, realising that it

is useless to push our home level of prices up without securing equal agreement for others.

Mr. Amery looks to Bimetallism, Sir Robert Horne half agreeing. But if I judge him right, Sir Robert is concerned rather with somehow giving that extra fillip to our exporters of goods which makes the difference between getting a foothold in a new foreign market and getting a strangle-hold on it. This, he believes, Inflation will secure.

In dead opposition to that attitude stand the majority of the directorate of the Bank of England. The Bank argues that ultimately we shall go back to gold as a standard, that post-war water must be squeezed out of the internal credit position, and that unlike the Continent our trading position makes us most vulnerable to the bogey of Inflation.

What Sir Robert Horne seeks is a cheaper Pound: contrary to general reckoning the Bank assumes that this will come as a result of Deflation, say at 12s. before Christmas; which is the reason why the Bank is so averse to the Treasury hazardously gambling on the Pound in relation to the Dollar. Besides there is War loan conversion to consider. Is it honest to persuade holders voluntarily to take 4 per cent. at May 1932 price-levels and then to depreciate the purchasing power of their new money-interest by currency manipulation?

My recent notes on the Stock Exchange tempt me to pass on the view of one or two leading authorities with regard to the outlook for share values. These all agree that, just as a man used to be placed socially in Victorian days by the property he had in real estate, so the immediate future shows every sign of a swing back to investment into land, rent, and houses to let. There is evidence of this in all parts and reduced housing subsidies will accentuate the tendency. Therefore for two years to come quiet times are anticipated by the stockbrokers.

* * * *

The European Debt Problem.

The usual pious hopes are being expressed by the usual statesmen at home and abroad for the success of the Lausanne Conference next month, and for my part, and if only on the assumption that it would be a miracle if miracles did not occasionally happen, I shall do my best to believe them. But the omens are frankly unfavourable.

Financially, of course, the situation—not only in Europe, but throughout the world—is worse than a year ago. This steady declension was not originally due to Reparations but to other and more purely economic causes; but Reparations is one of the factors which help to aggravate the general depression. And that for a simple reason.

The Reparations problem is not in theory insoluble, nor should it be impossible for an impartial judge to devise an equitable solution. But the successive bodies which have examined the matter have always attempted to combine the parts of judge and jury and prosecuting counsel, and have regarded the other parties to the discussion as prisoners in the dock, who should be sentenced to heavy fines if not actual imprisonment. From such an attitude it is clear that nothing useful can emerge.

Unfortunately there are no indications of a change of spirit at the coming Conference. Everybody knows that Reparations will never be paid on the astronomical French scale, the major Dawes scale, or even the minor Young scale; and more than one man whose judgment is not altogether to be despised is doubtful whether one penny of Reparations will ever be paid again. But the statesmen who will gather at Lausanne will not dare to admit this, and will hardly dare even to contemplate it as a possibility.

The inevitable result must be that the statesmen, tied by the hand to electorates which have their mouths open for what they cannot possibly receive, will not dare to undeceive their supporters, and therefore will be unable to treat the problem on the basis of reality. But unless they can do so, the whole Conference must be a waste of time and a monument to human futility.

* * * *

The War Savings Fiasco.

In spite of special pleading the recent conversion of War Savings Certificates was a sad failure. Enjoying spectacular and unstinted publicity, with an army of voluntary canvassers, the campaign left two in five unconverted. And why? Because Whitehall has no commercial sense. How should it? It has no experience.

Holders were offered conversion into government stock. They saw the stock rise; they thought the exchange attractive: they asked at the local post office. Postmasters had no instructions as to date of delivery of the new stock or even price of purchase. No stockbroker might help. Naturally they held on. There is a lesson to the Treasury in this.

* * * *

B.B.C. Reform.

Now that the new financial director in Mr. Harold Brown has been Governor for six months, changes in the policies of the B.B.C. are expected. The drip of semi-Socialist lectures, the over-and-under-payment anomalies, the personnel employed—all need drastic overhaul. The Treasury, to put it colloquially, is very fed up at its jackal's share of the carcass, while listeners-in generally do not believe that the lion's meal is given to them. I fancy there are too few "plums," inadequate

security of tenure, and far too many underlings about.

Probably most people listen in for the music, which is by far the best part of the radio programme. The talks by common consent are hopeless, either polite chatter or dull propaganda; the sermons, I am told, have improved of late, and the services are generally well done. But the panel of speakers should be drawn from a larger area, and there should be more variety in the subjects treated.

The Pope on Evil.

The Papal Encyclical on the evils of the present day is an extraordinarily sensible document; indeed, it could be delivered as a sermon from the most Protestant pulpit in the world without the congregation suspecting the hand of the Scarlet Woman. Atheism, excessive Nationalism, and Corruption are the three evils denounced; and although we in this country should probably put them in the reverse order—for we have not many active Atheists in Britain—the Vatican is, broadly speaking, right when it includes Russia in its purview.

Nationalism has gone to absurd lengths since the war, more especially in the small Succession States created by the Peace Treaties; political liberty has given birth to some very ugly children, and they do not improve as they grow older. As some of these States profess at least formal obedience to the Vatican, and few of the rest can openly ignore its influence, the Pope's definite warning should not be entirely without effect.

On the matter of corruption, the secular mind (and perhaps the sacerdotal as well) naturally thinks at once of the vanished Kreuger millions, and similar but smaller scandals of the past few years. Here at least there can be no difference of opinion: in a very real sense the security of civilisation rests upon a high standard of commercial and financial integrity, and that standard has definitely fallen of late years.

"Same to you, Brother Smut."

It is well to live dangerously. But there are limits, and, therefore, all that we really think about the Scrutton-McCardie affair cannot be said in print. It is, perhaps, enough to suggest that Lord Justice Scrutton was curiously misled by his feelings when he tackled Mr. Justice McCardie precisely as he did, and that he should have expected exactly the kind of retort—"rebuke" is, of course, extravaganza—which Mr. Justice McCardie supplied.

The legal position of a Judge's notes on a High Court case, the social amenities of the Bench, the degree of publicity which a Judge should court,

the intolerable and diffuse loquacity of many persons who are able to speak *ex cathedra*—these belong to a nine days' wonder.

Behind all this is the reputation of our judicial system. It did not really need the Lindbergh Baby tragedy or the existence of Mr. Al Capone to impress on our minds the awful example of the United States. There, for years and tens of years, we have watched the enslavement of a great nation because the processes of the law had been suborned and the foundations of justice undermined.

Do not let us delude ourselves. If ever a wrongdoer cannot be hanged, imprisoned, or fined with prompt impartiality in our courts, we too shall be enslaved. The smash-and-grab raids, the motor bandits, the Dartmoor mutiny and trial, the affairs of the Metropolitan Police are all warning signals. And the cut in Judges' salaries has been, perhaps, the most dangerous and pernicious act of a frightened Ministry. So that any petty scandal of the Bench is alarming. And the diversion which it affords to all newspaper readers is no sort of consolation.

Milton's Mulberry.

How long does a mulberry live? I ask the question because a slip from Milton's famous mulberry tree in Christ's College, Cambridge, now three centuries old, has been planted on the Master's lawn at University College, Oxford, near the famous mulberry which, although slightly older than Milton's, still bears an abundant crop of fruit year by year. Adjoining it is a younger tree, also fruitful, which probably grew from a slip of the original.

There are many studies of longevity in animals, more particularly, of course, in the case of horses and dogs; but the literature of trees and shrubs is, to the best of my belief, rather scanty. Oaks are proverbially said to live 900 years—300 to grow, 300 to mature, 300 to decay—but the period seems far too long.

The Saturday Review

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AS MAGISTRATE

By Sir Frederick Pollock.

NEXT month a resolution in favour of establishing an international police force will be proposed at the annual meeting of the League of Nations Union. Constabulary, or in French *gendarmerie*, might be an apter term, but let that pass as a verbal punctilio. Now I have thought from the first, as the French delegates thought at the Peace Conference of 1919, that the League of Nations should in the last resort be a magistrate who beareth not the sword in vain. The League has already declared itself a guardian of peace among nations, not only those who are its members (see Art. 17 of the Covenant) and it aims at ultimately doing what national governments already do within their own jurisdictions.

So I fully agree with Mr. James H. Ashton, the mover of the resolution, as to the end; and I further agree that the arguments against the League's being prepared to use force, either by commercial blockade or in the last necessity by arms, really lie only in the mouths of those who in their hearts go all the way with Tolstoy and condemn not only public but private self-defence. So far well, but when Mr. Ashton comes to the means I must differ. The plan set forth in his booklet is to appropriate ten per cent. of the existing cost of armaments to the creation of a cosmopolitan *gendarmerie*, and it means, though it is not made very clear, a cosmopolitan naval patrol, to be under the direct control of the League. What these men and ships are expected to be doing in time of peace is not explained.

The first and fatal objection, to my mind, is that this makes the League a Super-State—just what the framers of the Covenant carefully avoided for reasons that have not lost their weight—and involves a radical amendment of the Covenant. Why not, instead of taking money to recruit a new body or bodies—with all the incidents of organisation, training and equipment to be provided—follow the simpler and more effective way of ear-marking sufficient contingents from the men and ships that are already there, equipped and disciplined? Something like this was already in the Geneva Protocol of 1921 and it was not on this point that the Protocol failed of ratification.

The Council of the League was to be authorised to receive from any member State particulars of the forces it would be willing to hold in readiness to execute recommendations made by the Council, in the last resort, for active operations against peace-breakers. The working out of this method

would of course require skilled co-operation and consultation.

I cannot help thinking, by the way, that Mr. Ashton is very much a landsman. Has he ever considered what kind of undertaking it would be to man a cosmopolitan Navy—not to speak of finding the ships? When he has taken a cruiser or destroyer rescued from some disarmament scrap-heap, and commissioned her under the League flag with some sort of polyglot crew, will she be half as fit to tackle, say, a flotilla of desperate Chinese pirates, as a British, French or Italian vessel of like nominal strength whose officers and men know and trust one another?

What then is my plan, or rather my development of the plan towards which the luckless but quite meritorious Geneva Protocol pointed?

This, in broad outline. Let each member of the League, or in the first instance of the Council, which is minded to seek peace and ensue it, and persuaded that if the King's peace needs a sheriff so does the League's peace, say to the Council: Understand, not by way of formal obligation but as among friends, that we are willing to hold in readiness for the Common Cause, if and when the day of need comes, x cruisers, y divisions, z air squadrons, with the proper auxiliaries and appurtenances. Our provisional values of x , y , and z are subject to revision in consultation with your expert advisers and when we know what others are willing to do.

So far as I can see, there is really nothing to prevent any Power from making such an offer without any formal conference or resolution. Neither would there be any need to provide for unity of command. The required exercise or display of force would most probably be in a limited sphere of action, and the circumstances would indicate the Power whose contingent would be the appropriate one for executing the Council's recommendation. Joint expeditions are to be avoided if possible, and especially where promptitude is essential. It would be invidious to suggest particular possibilities—but any man who can read an atlas, and does not forget that the sea is made of water and there is a great deal of it can see them for himself.

I would fain believe that it may fall to the lot of our 'Commonwealth' of free nations (for Great Britain without the Dominions neither could nor should attempt it) to give a lead in this direction. Without courage, insight, and counsel it is not to be done; but courage, insight, and counsel are not yet lacking among our people.

VERSE

DRYAD.

I saw a green-clad dryad in the wood,
 Sat there and watched her slipping past the trees,
 Stepping so softly over rocks and branches
 Down to where a pool lay in drowsy solitude,
 Nestling in a gorge where hardly crept the breeze.
 And all around the voice of flowing water
 Murmured songs of comfort so joyously and low;
 All else was silent, save perhaps a rustle
 As of brown leaves scudding, dead in Autumn's
 slaughter,
 Or when forest creatures in fear or hunger go.
 So the pool was waiting in opal pallor shrouded,
 Mimicing the clouds that chased across the sky,
 Beating tiny waves against the fern-fringed rock
 banks,
 Hustling curdled foam to corners driftwood-crowded,
 Laughing where the poor warped shadow-trees did
 lie.
 Slowly she stepped . . . so white against the hill-
 side,
 Green against the amber of the rain-stirred water,
 Supple of body, slim and very lovely . . .
 Down through the shadows where the impish beetles
 glide,
 To the pool that called her, lured her on, and
 caught her.
 Caught her, and held her in a cool contentment,
 Soothing those white limbs gently with caresses.
 Even the Sun, wrapped blindly in the rain-mists,
 Shattered the clouds to peep at her and sent
 Jewelled beams to catch her and woo her with his
 kisses.
 Sun and water stole her, stole away my dryad;
 Ah, but I envied amber-coloured water.
 Only a mortal, there I sat and envied
 Little waves whose lapping, lapping, made her glad,
 And long sun fingers that triumphed when they
 sought her.

A. R. U.

"SUNLIGHT ON BOOKS."

With how fine savour
 And with what sure pose
 O! Books your multi-coloured backs
 Contain the flavour
 Of a sure repose.
 For one brief hour
 You grant me power
 To rest and gloriously to relax.
 And still I hear you laugh and say
 "Why, here's a fool, God mark the day,
 "Who sets more store by words, than deeds:
 "O! come, sweet fool,
 "Bring chair, bring stool,
 "We love a fool
 "If he's a fool
 "Who reads!"

J.S.

THE RIVER AND THE REST

By Guy C. Pollock.

ALL men are fortunate who fish for trout, and most of them are steeped so far in grace as to realize, less or more, how fortunate they are. It does not matter much when or where or how they fish, an they use a fly and know that theirs is not a pastime, sport, pleasantry, relaxation, or even madness, but a vocation—which must be, in some sort, a form of madness.

You can go to the West or North in the early spring or autumn and have tremendous sport. Your fish are small, but relativity cooks these accounts and you have the rest. You have the joy of skill in the use of the rod, the chuck of the fly to the run under the trees over against the opposite bank with bushes at your back and all about your path; the enjoyment of that sixth sense which tells you when to strike and so fills your creel when the skilled but unimaginative may go nearly empty away—something like the psychic bid in Bridge, but far less dangerous; the very rigour of the game, with snow and sleet and great winds and outpourings of rain; the strong stream striking round your legs, the tawny water, the sun chasing shadows across the purple hills, the dippers flitting before you, the smell of cowslips on a bank, the curlew crying and whistling in the sky, the call of the cock grouse if you walk home across a moor. And if you have also, between ten and seven of the clock, some twenty trouts that have taken the March Brown and weigh nearly five pounds, all put together, you have had a day of days.

What, then, is better in an angler's life? Nothing is better. Yet some things are different. And now that May has been really warm, the chalk stream and the South come into their kingdom.

Here the same angler is a different man and the same kind of trout have different habits. The consolations or the allures—as the bag may render them—of Nature are more exquisite, if less ecstatic. But the common heritage of all anglers, the high prize of their calling, is the same.

And the trouts are larger. There is the real lure of the South. The lushness of the water meadows, the snipe drumming in the air, the hen pheasant with her early brood, the red-beaked moorhen and the amiable water-vole, the clear, cold, gently moving stream, the white flower of the weed, the smell of mint, the yellow flags and king-cups, and, if you are lucky as you go home, a nightingale to sing from some close bush against a darkening sky—why, all these, like the hardier sights and scents and sounds are but the incomparable background of the angler's art. The rod is all, the background but a gorgeous episode.

But when you mark your trout, sucking down the olives or iron blues; when you see the whole of his three pounds and put the fly a yard beyond his nose so that it floats, cocked and dissembling, without any drag, towards his cavern of a mouth; when he floats up with jaws open, sinks back, turns, and you, with nerves of steel, wait long enough, then rise from your knee with hook well home and a rampaging mass of indignant trout screaming on your reel, with a 4x point to hold him, and weed beds on every hand. Why then—

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

By a Student of Life.

SOME nineteen hundred years ago, the civilised world was tense with expectation, an unexpressed question trembling on the lips. The traditions and religions of the past had lost their hold, philosophy was almost bankrupt and the ancient code of values and manners had ceased to be effective. The expectant hush was broken with the answer of Christianity.

At the present moment there is the same anxious suspense. The clean-cut superscription of truth on the currency of religion has been worn and blurred. Codes of honour and morals have been questioned and rejected. The materialism of 19th century science which found its way so strongly into the religious values of the last century has burst in a display of fire-works, which demands from the scientific votary an acrobatic faith such as no religion ever dared ask from its followers. The question still not fully expressed is abroad, "What does it all mean? Where is the way of happiness?"

The answer is already here. It lies in the reconciliation of religion, philosophy and science and the province in which they meet has been newly explored with a certainty which belongs to both the material and spiritual worlds. The young science of psychology after a period of rebellion is finding its place in the fabric of philosophy and discovering that its purpose is to re-state and re-establish the essential truths of every religion and human nature. The words which through repetition and learned exegesis have lost significance regain the old full meaning which they possessed in the mouth of the greatest of all psychologists, when they are regarded in the light of our knowledge of the self, which has made such strides since the War.

A vast proportion of the unhappiness in the world is unnecessary. It is caused by internal conflicts and dissensions, by struggles within the self which is divided against itself, and the energy for good that can be released by the cessation of this suicidal warfare is incalculable.

Psychology has suffered at the hands of both its friends and its enemies. Its terminology is not only inconsistent and incomplete, but the words seem to have been expressly chosen in a spirit of rebellion which psychologists say is a sign of neurosis. On the other hand the fiercest enemies of psychology are those who need its aid the most. They cling to their delusions about their selves. The split self builds up for itself a picture of the man which has no connection with the real man at all to suit certain predilections and is often un-

aware of the inward strife which wastes such an infinity of energy. The writer had constructed for himself a figure of easy-going indifference, which endured for many years until experience aided by psychology shattered it to bits and he discovered how glorious life could really be, when the self was one and undivided.

The time has come when the philosophies and religions of all time should embrace the new discoveries of psychology and from their union there should be born again in the world a capacity not only to feel but also to think the eternal truths. Mr. Lawrence Hyde in "The Learned Knife," a book which was so important that it passed almost unnoticed, has taken the first step towards the reconciliation of the opposites, showing that the spiritual reality is every whit as real as that reality on which the scientist concentrates. The recognition of this fact is the beginning of the way of happiness and the proof that it is no imaginary truth but a true path to the aim of life is to be found in the unity which it imposes on the self accepting the pilgrimage.

Now is the appointed time. Some of those who have had a vision of the truth cry that nothing counts but the next generation. If that is so, there can never be a Present and mankind is doomed to toil for a Future which will eventually be realised by the extinction of the world. There is no question of a worship of Humanity sub specie mortalitatis in the philosophy of experience, which will be set out in these columns.

An attempt will be made to express in simple language that way of happiness which lies within reach in a realisation of the God which is the soul of the single self.

For the moment it can best be spread abroad on behalf of the coming generation; for it depends on the parents of to-day to set their children on the way, better prepared for the journey than they themselves ever were. There are many simple things, previously ignored or only half-understood, which parents may learn to give their children a better chance, perhaps a certainty, of true happiness, and in the learning they will discover where their own happiness lies. Both parent and school teacher must have the same object before their eyes. For this reason attention will here be regularly paid to the work and progress of the influential movement known as the Home and School Council, which is pressing forward all over the country the simultaneous education of parent and teacher. Its importance and necessity is shown by the eagerness with which its propaganda is being welcomed throughout the country and its activities deserve the closest attention.

THE NEW SATURDAY REVIEW—honest and adventurous. Order your copy from the publisher, 9, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.1

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

IS A LOTTERY LOAN DESIRABLE ?

YES, BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

IT is obvious that the Budget could be made to balance more easily, and with less discomfort, if a Conversion Loan, carrying lower interest, could be substituted for our huge five per cent. War Loan. It is also pretty generally agreed that compulsory conversion would involve a breach of faith and strike a damaging blow at British credit, so that the practical question for the Chancellor of the Exchequer is: By what means could the holders of War Loan stock—or, at any rate, an appreciable proportion of them—be tempted to accept, and even to welcome, an alternative less expensive to the Treasury? And it looks as if the clue to the answer to that question might be found in the astonishing success which has attended the Irish sweepstakes.

The really important fact solidly established by their popularity is not that the British public is intensely interested in horse-racing in general and the Derby and the Grand National in particular—we knew that already.

In the latest of these draws, the amount distributed in prizes was, roughly speaking, £2,200,000, whereas the amount paid for the tickets was approximately £3,300,000, the balance being deducted for expenses and donations to Irish hospitals. The ticket-holders, that is to say, cheerfully paid, with their eyes open—and even took a great deal of trouble to obtain the opportunity of paying—ten shillings for a chance which was demonstrably worth no more than six-and-eightpence. Nobody seriously supposes that they were moved to do this by a disinterested desire to benefit the hospitals of the least popular of the Dominions.

Now for the inference to be drawn and recommended to the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is this: that if his next Conversion Loan were a lottery loan, he would be offering for sale something for which people are always delighted to pay a great deal more than it is worth, and would consequently be able to float his loan, with all due allowance made for the prizes, on terms exceedingly favourable to the Treasury.

It would certainly be difficult, at the present moment, for the Government to float an ordinary conversion loan for any large amount at much less than 4½ per cent.; but it might, if the Irish experiment is a trustworthy guide, float a lottery loan at a rate (including prizes) of about three per cent. That, it is clear, would be a profitable transaction; and it would stop the flight of British money to Ireland and attract a good deal of foreign money to Britain.

Certain limitations to the possibilities must, of course, be admitted. One could easily compile a list of investors to whom a lottery loan would seem an undesirable investment. The banks and insurance companies would have no use for it. Most of the trust companies might be expected to fight shy of it. But there are immense numbers of private investors who would find life more interesting if they placed a portion of their savings in it.

NO, BY G. WALTERSON.

THE greater our national impoverishment and the faster the bi-annual or even quarterly flow of English money to a republican Irish Free State, the louder the clamour of those who chant the allurements and ignore the follies of State Lotteries.

We are to convert the War Loan on terms seductive to any Chancellor by giving prize drawings which "positively must be won." But when we do it, or if the plea succeeds, we reduce incomes, the yield of income tax, and the spending power on which good trade depends. We tried the thing in the war-time issue of Victory Bonds. But despite the historic excuse that it was "only a little one," the experiment was not a great success.

The cry is not, of course, a new one, for many middle-aged men will remember Mr. Horatio Bottomley's persistent advocacy, before the war, of Premium Bonds. Even before that time, in the late Victorian years, the public were often asked to subscribe—*sub rosa*—to foreign lotteries of dubious character. Nobody knew then, or knows now, what was the response to these invitations—many of them were stopped by the Post Office authorities en route—but probably it was not very great. On the whole, there was more to be said in favour of Premium Bonds, or at any rate, less to be said against the idea; but even so, the Edwardian public which delighted in Mr. Bottomley's articles showed no undue desire to follow his advice.

Now, however, things have changed. Almost everyone in this country is anxious to gamble.

Almost everyone in this country is anxious to gamble. Many shrink from an honest bet with a bookmaker or a hectic hour of *chemin-de-fer*, on moral grounds, yet send their ten shillings to Dublin or their fifteen to Calcutta. Why should we sanctify a rotten hypocrisy by involving the State in Lotteries? It is depressing and irritating to see millions of English pounds providing a permanent endowment for Irish hospitals and enriching the clever people who run the Free State Lotteries. But we should be better advised so to penalise the winners, by taxation or otherwise, as to dam this outflow than to revive the offences that come by State gambling.

We have had State lotteries before. They were, through other centuries and almost into our times, the usual resource in lean years. We know that any legislation which pretended to keep in check the old scandals and abuses would be complicated and absurd. We may be sure that any attempt to outbid the Irish Free State would at once injure our financial credit, arrest the reasonable forms of national thrift, outrage the banks, the insurance companies, the Investment Trusts, and embarrass the Government which thus tried, on the model of "street" journalism, a short cut to economy.

The true morality of gambling may be what it may be. The reckless folly of an English State lottery seems self-evident. When it was established well might the *croupier* cry "*Plus rien!*"

THE MODESTY OF THE OULED NAIL

By H. Ludgate.

AFTER dark the stranger makes his way into the Red Lamp quarter of Laghouat with sign and countersign. A gate in the wall opens and closes behind him and Yasmina, the Ouled Nail, lives at the end of the narrow, ill-lighted passage. Above Laghouat the sun-scorched plateaux of the Saharan Atlas are the home of the Ouled Nail, that Arab tribe which is famous beyond all others for its daughters. The men of the tribe, true nomads, drive their flocks hither and thither to crop the scanty grass in a waste of rock and stones, but their girl children are their wealth, for they are the dancing girls of the Sahara. At first sight it might seem that they have but two dances. The first of them, the "danse du ventre," that strange mastery of the abdominal muscles, enables them to twist and turn and tremble with a local agility that recalls the twitching of a horse's skin when a fly tickles it. The second is that exquisite dance of the hands, the most difficult of their accomplishments, which seems to the Western European a poem of movement.

These dances may be seen in an hotel and their significance is almost as vulgar as the "danse du ventre" of the Casino de Paris. In Yasmina's room they call up a world with symbols that are not our symbols and values that are not our values. Respectable Frenchmen find delight untold in the "fleshings" and "tutu" of the Opera ballet. Western Europe has been swept away by the agility and muscular development of the Russian dancers. Half the world seeks erotic satisfaction without responsibility in the barbaric proximity of a negro dance. All these performances would be regarded by Yasmina and her lovers as gross impropriety. The Ouled Nail girl never dances with a man. In the chaste dance of the hands, which is no less prized by the Arab connoisseur, she has a girl partner, and even a European can appreciate the ethereal delicacy of the gesture of thumb and bent first finger that links the two together.

At first the staccato movements of the lonely dance that needs a golden girdle to mark its virtuosity—the specialised control of trained muscles, the strange discord of wood wind and drum—seem to be contradicted by the dancer's fixed expression. The girl, true daughter of the tent, has her eyes fixed on the far distance of the desert horizon, and all her movements belong to a hieratic dance which takes no account of the present, and leaves her face motionless as though it was carved in stone. Yet, if one watches closely, the expression changes just as the sand dunes of the desert change with the Saharan wind. The outline seems the same, but from second to second every detail is different. The eyes and the mouth keep time with the body and hands, and the subtleties of their expression are as delicate and as easily overlooked as the shades of bouquet in a noble wine.

Yasmina's room was a barrack of a place, with an enormous bed filling nearly half the room. Whitewashed

walls, a whitewashed ceiling cut up by beams of the palm tree, the white glaring light of an acetylene flare looked down on the soft rich rugs dear to the heart of the people of the tent. With the true spacious gesture of Arab hospitality, Yasmina distributed sweet mint tea to the five drab Europeans who camped on the bed or squatted on the rugs with the same sense of fitness and ease as a gorgeous macaw or Yasmina herself might have sought for sun and luxury in Hyde Park under a London fog.

The Ouled Nail are princesses by their own right. They carry their fortune on them in head-dresses heavy with golden coins, golden belts, and adornments of price. They dance for whom they will and as they will. If they grow weary of dancing for the Roumi, who can understand nothing of the niceties and significance of their movements, they will laugh contemptuously, break off suddenly, and sit down while the musicians toil on with their business.

Yasmina was not impressed with her five European guests. She called in two girls to keep her company and three musicians, and she danced with an Olympian superciliousness in a *peignoir* of red and brown. She was beautiful with the beauty of the falcon, fine-featured, swift in glance and gesture, cruel. If she danced a dance through, it was for the sake of a Chamba, a nomad Arab like herself, who squatted motionless on the carpet, though his eyes sometimes flashed fire as he watched her.

A Frenchman, with a face like a monkey, complained that the "danse du ventre" was ridiculous unless the working of the muscles could be seen. The girl was wearing a dressing gown and half a dozen petticoats. She must take them off. He asked the opinion of the Chamba, who replied in French: "Yes, he quite agreed he had enjoyed watching girls dance naked in the Folies-Bergère. But the Ouled Nail were not like that. They were shy. It was silly of them. Before one person, their lover, perhaps . . ."

Yasmina's reappearance cut short his words. After a brief eclipse in a corner behind the musicians and the vast bed, she came back in the true Ouled Nail costume of plain white muslin. She danced again, but still the Frenchman was not satisfied, since there were so many layers of stuff over "the beautiful amber body," as he called it, that writhed and jerked so cunningly.

There was an offer of money, much money, to the Ouled Nail almost a fortune, but Yasmina, princess by virtue of her grace and beauty, laughed scoffingly, with perhaps just a glance at the silent, dignified Chamba, and, with a royal gesture, ushered out of her whitewashed room into the unpaved, ill-lit passage the Roumi who could not understand the meaning and the limits of the modesty of the Ouled Nail.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By H. Warner Allen.

THROUGHOUT its long life the *Saturday Review* has never failed to stand for a sense of fitness in all things. This quest of the artistic and appropriate embraces all the activities of mankind, and it would be preposterous to exclude from the scheme of things the senses concerned with eating and drinking. The five senses are the only windows through which the self enclosed in its ivory tower can discern that pageant which it calls the outside world. Sight and hearing are the aristocrats of the senses. The sensations that pass through their casements are built up by the poet, the painter and the musician into palaces of thought and emotion. Smell, taste and touch are the poor relations, and some there are who would blend these three windows of the soul, as though the ephemeral brilliance of the light that passes through them is evil and hostile to the higher vision.

Touch at least is transfigured in love, for what sensation can surpass the touch of the beloved's lips? Taste and smell, so nearly allied that it is scarcely possible to distinguish between them, lie under the puritan's ban, as though they could be nothing but the servants of gluttony and drunkenness. Yet excess is the sin of ignorance, which scorns and denies the fullness of life. The art of cookery, the art of wine-drinking, in their quest for a rhythm of exquisite sensations, are the enemies of all extravagance. So each week this column will be occu-

pied with that part of the art of good living which is concerned with eating and drinking. Wine will necessarily take a prominent place; for, as every wine-lover knows, it should form the centre of the feast. Here we hope for the aid and support of every connoisseur, and Mr. C. W. Berry, the author of "*Viniana*," whose authority is beyond question, is one of the first of our contributors.

M. André Simon, the author of "*The Art of Good Living*," whom Athenaeus would have termed "*Deipnosophist*, *Opsodaedalus*, *Oenologist*," or, as we might put it, "*Gastronomer*, *Cunning Contriver of Dainty Meals* and *Connoisseur*," will deal alike with cook and cellarman, and lay down the principles of their co-operation.

I had hoped in this first article to write at some length about "*La Journée du Vin*" at the *Foire de Paris*, but owing to the tragedy of President Doumer the occasion had to be postponed to a day which had been dedicated to Esperanto. Esperanto, a language for which I fear I have not a proper respect, seemed to absorb wine rather than wine Esperanto, and the most interesting wine that reached my palate was *Château Montrose*, 1924, a claret that promises very well. *Château Rauzan-Gassies*, 1923, came to me corked, so that I can give no opinion on its merits. Every wine-grower I met confirmed my impression that the 1924 clarets promise to show themselves the best vintage for many years, while the 1923's, good as many of them are, should be drunk without delay.

MYNDOS—A DEAD CITY

By W. H. D. Rouse.

ALITTLE harbour, almost round, nestles behind a couple of rocky islets; on each side of it is a hill. On the smooth sandy beach are a cluster of cottages; a small church stands on the slope behind, and for the rest there are gardens, orchards, trees. Look closer and you will see why your Capetanio steers his ship under the lee of the southern rock; for opposite is the foundation of the harbour mole. On the other rock which rises above it, larger and steeper than that of the south, is a fine Cyclopean wall, built when Mycenae was in its prime, and Homer was not yet born. Stroll inland and you will come upon the Hellenic city walls, here and there even a tower half hidden among the woods; a wide circuit of three or four miles, all to be clearly traced, until you return to the seashore hard by the passage you came in at.

What a long story lies behind these ruins of a city hardly known to legend or history, yet for so many hundreds of years the centre of warm life! Here, perhaps, came the warships of Minos, King of Crete; here lived the dark-skinned fighting men, with their long shields of ox-hide, their bows and arrows, who gave way to hordes of fair giants from the north, armed in bronze. Here, later still, came the echoes from Cos over the way, where the sick flocked to ask help of Asclepiades and the

great physicians who served him; or, again, when Philetas taught a pupil to become more famous than himself. From this city, Delphis the Myndian took shipping for that beautiful isle, and returned hither to forget the wild passion of Simætha. Here, how many thousands of human hearts have beat high with hope or sunk in sorrow; how many soldiers have fought and died, merchants have grown rich or poor and died, humble folk have lived out their little day, and died: until in those ages called dark so truly, thousands of barbaric buccaneers, one swarm after another, devoured and destroyed the civilisation which they could not understand, and Myndos became a desert, all the rich countryside overgrown with weeds and barrenness, and the region which could support a people was left to the wild beasts.

And now all that remains of Myndos is a ruined battlemented wall, and a few inscribed blocks or engraved gems which the peasant finds when he digs foundations for his house: while, in place of that teeming population of eager, intelligent souls, half a dozen Greek fishermen and half a hundred Turks wring a scant livelihood from the reluctant earth and sea, until the late persecution drove all the Greeks far away.

THEATRE

By Gilbert Wakefield.

Somebody Knows. By John van Druten. St. Martin's.

Perhaps it will convey the distinctive quality of Mr. John van Druten's latest piece if I call it a play about a crime and not a crime-play. It so happens that *Somebody Knows* is all about a murder—the murder of a prostitute. But it did not, apparently, occur to Mr. van Druten that, because this time his story was primarily concerned with crime instead of with love or any of the other (if there are any other) subject-matters of dramatic literature, it was therefore unnecessary to worry about such things as characterization and the probabilities of human conduct. On the contrary, this piece is really only secondarily about the murder, and primarily about the very ordinary, but none the less individual and immensely interesting, people who happen to be (as the saying is) "involved" in it. So, instead of simply fashioning a superficially exciting crime-play, the author opens the door of a shabby house in Kennington, introduces us to Mrs. Malvinetti and her family and lodgers, and sees that we get to know them intimately and like them well, before—suddenly, and so surprisingly that at first nobody can quite believe it—we discover that one of them, Miss Lily Coles, has been strangled to death in her bed. By whom? That is the question Mr. van Druten declines to answer. It is one of those so-called "unsolved murders." The evidence points an accusing finger at one of the paying-guests, the impecunious young concert-party singer, Lance Perkins, who had motive—of a sort—and opportunity. Naturally enough, the police arrested him; but the jury (thanks, I felt, entirely to the eloquence of Sir Daniel Markby, K.C.) brought in one of those "Not Guilty" verdicts, which are our generous English way of stating that the case has not been proved beyond all "reasonable doubt."

The author prefaces this story with a Prologue and completes it with an Epilogue, in which the case is discussed, some eight years later, at a supper-party. I presume that the artistic purpose of these two short scenes is to provide a frame of mind in which to hang the picture. The story itself, being logically inconclusive, needs something intellectually definite to make it satisfying. Unfortunately, this is just what the Epilogue is not. It adds nothing of any value to our knowledge; nor is it even a clear and clarifying judicial summary of the known facts. It leaves us intellectually exactly where we were, and the play artistically exactly where it was. It therefore fails to achieve what I presume to be its purpose, and is consequently rather obviously superfluous.

This is all the more regrettable, because the play itself slumps rather badly in its last two scenes. Prior to these, and up to the time of the arrest, the story had been told in terms of theatrical *oratio recta*, with the whole thing happening immediately before our eyes. And then came a scene which I can only describe as an appalling and amazing, and it may prove fatal, blunder. For we

suddenly found ourselves, with the narrator of the Prologue and Sir Daniel, in the latter's study, listening to a dry discussion of the prisoner's chances of acquittal. The effect of this change into theatrical *oratio obliqua* was, very nearly anyway, disastrous; not because the scene itself was dull—it wasn't—but because the play had suddenly been shifted from the plane of immediate experience to the totally different plane of indirect narrative.

Now, this change in the method of the story-telling would have been legitimate and harmless if the scene had been an epilogue and deliberately outside the picture. But it wasn't. In the next, and final, scene we were back once more with Lance and the Malvinettis, this time in a waiting-room at the Old Bailey. But the spell had been broken, and we now regarded them almost as strangers. And so to the real Epilogue, and yet another change of plane. A muddled and extremely disappointing ending to a play which up till then had been superlatively good.

And now I feel conscience-stricken! Here is a play which, for at least three-quarters of it, is as fine as anything Mr. van Druten has yet done; that is to say, as fine as anything the contemporary English theatre has to offer. And, instead of cracking it up to the skies, I seem to have been concentrating on its less good last half-hour and completely disregarding its abundant excellencies. How like a critic! I suppose the explanation is that, in the case of a van Druten play, I take the excellencies for granted, and am greatly surprised—and enormously interested!—when he makes a first-class blunder. Which is no excuse at all.

The peculiar virtue of this play is its reality. The characters are none of them conventional stage-characters, nor are they even the abnormal characters of life itself. They are ordinary, commonplace, yet individual human beings. And what happens to them is as real as they themselves are. Even in this murder-play there is nothing factitious or sensational. No superman nor lunatic nor devil, nor even any strange and outrageous stroke of fate, is needed for the killing of poor Lily Coles. The van Druten reticence is just as suitable to real-life crime as it was, in his other plays, to their more gentle themes.

The acting and production (by Miss Auriol Lee) were in perfect artistic sympathy with the play. The principal roles were played by Miss Muriel Aked, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Lewis Shaw, as the Malvinettis, and by Mr. Frank Lawton as Lance Perkins; with Mr. Lawrence Hanray (a beautiful piece of characterization), Mr. Malcolm Keen, and Mr. Edgar Norfolk in subsidiary parts. In the difficult and tremendously important part of Lily Coles, Miss Beatrix Thomson gave an admirable performance, splendidly free from the ghastly and ridiculous, but conventional, garishness of the stage-prostitute, and based on the realization that Lily was simply an ordinary young working-class girl who happened to be on "the game."

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST.

The Crowd Roars. Directed by Howard Hawkes. The Regal.

The Devil's Lottery. Directed by Nalbro Bartley. New Gallery.

There are two new pictures this week, "The Crowd Roars," at the Regal, and "The Devil's Lottery," at the New Gallery. The latter is Elissa Landi's latest film and I wish I could be enthusiastic. The opening is well enough; Lord Leithfield's idea of assembling all the chief winners in the Calcutta Sweepstake to spend the week-end is not only topical, but has many other virtues to recommend it. When they do arrive at the castle, nevertheless, the opportunity of telling a story worth while is lost. Crude pieces of characterisation are thrown out as a sop and then one is plunged headlong into the usual claptrap. There is a very unconvincing murder and the murderer, played by Victor McLaglen, is allowed to vanish from the picture; so long as the guilty person is neither the lady with the past, played by Elissa Landi, nor the nice young man, played by Alexander Kirkland, the police apparently don't care much who did it. The acting and the direction are both mediocre, but ingenious use has been made of the Dunning process, and the opening scenes, which depict the draw for the Calcutta and the Derby, are excellently contrived.

The crowd may well roar at the Regal; I have not seen so many motor accidents in the whole of my life. The career of the professional track driver is the theme of the picture and cars, set on fire, overturning and leaping the embankment, form the thrills. The track sequences are exceedingly well photographed, but once again the story which has been built around them is a poor affair. It seems to me that if the pictures are to maintain their hold on the more intelligent sections of the public something very drastic will have to be done to improve the quality of the ideas. It was inevitable that a decline should take place, but there is plenty of material between the penny novelette and the classic.

James Cagney, who has been reported as having walked out of Hollywood because he wasn't satisfied with the salary he was getting, is the chief actor, but the motor racing, which is all that matters in the film, is in the hands of experienced track drivers. As the "rough, tough, young guy" James Cagney is well cast, but neither his previous pictures nor this disclose any real acting ability. He is a type, rather an unpleasant one. The picture is cleverly directed and Mr. Hawkes has done his best to keep it moving; in spite of the pace of the cars, however, he has not succeeded.

Owing to a printer's error last week a paragraph which referred to "Tarzan," the animal picture at the Empire, was transplanted into my remarks upon "The Lost Squadron," the aerial film at the Tivoli; I only hope that no one went to the Tivoli expecting to see elephants piloting aeroplanes. Trick photography has accomplished marvels—"Tarzan" bears witness to that—but so far heights such as those have not been scaled.

AN EPSTEIN VENUS

By C. V. Crockett.

AN urgent message caused me to dash off in a taxi last night to the studio of Malakovic, the sculptor, whom I knew as a disciple of Epstein. When I arrived Malakovic was leaping about among some fragments of marble, smashing them with a hammer into tiny pieces.

"Have you seen the thing?" he cried. "In Epstein's garden?"

"What do you mean?"

"Incredible! In the garden—a portrait head of Epstein himself, twenty feet in the air. Yes, on top of what you'd think was a length of steel rail—only the support is made of marble too."

"It sounds strange," I replied, "but it would be childish to attack it because it was strange. Like any other artist Epstein must be allowed to express himself freely, in his own manner. Still, I should like to interview him, if it is a new work."

"No one," said Malakovic darkly, "will ever interview Epstein again. Just now I telephoned his house, and they said he was away on a holiday. I know better, it is not so simple as that, no!"

"Then tell me," I urged him.

"I found myself alone with the maestro," Malakovic began excitedly. "It was midnight. I had just finished a bottle of wine or two, when he came in here." Malakovic pointed to some empty bottles about the room. (Beside one of them there was a book, open at an illustration, of which more presently.) "'A walk in the fresh air would do you good to-night,' Epstein said. 'Come on. I shall be out of town to-morrow.' Before long we were standing together before his famous statue, the Genesis. I was speechless."

"And then, suddenly I was aware of—yes, a presence! It was there beside us, a woman's shape, white and luminous. Not in a sheet, though—no, not even that."

"'You are Venus, evidently,' Epstein calmly observed."

"As for myself, when I turned from the statue and saw the goddess, so white and shining, I was, I admit it, wildly intoxicated. I felt nineteenth century again. She smiled. And at once I was on my knees before her—a courtesy that probably was to save my life."

"But Epstein was tougher. 'Put something on,' he said to her disapprovingly. 'You look as if you came straight off a chocolate box.' And his tone was more than she could stand. With a little hurt cry she whisked a veil from somewhere, and wrapped herself in it, up to her neck."

"'So you have made a statue of me,' she remarked to Epstein, in a way I found most unpleasant."

"'Don't you read the papers? I call it Genesis,' he reminded her."

"'People might think,' she went on, 'that it meant Venus Genetrix. That would be me, after all.'"

"'I can't help what people think,' said Epstein doggedly. 'You probably looked like that anyhow, before you took to slimming and beauty parlours. Some

day I may make a statue of you, exactly as I imagine you.'

" 'That's just why I've come,' Venus answered, with a queer little smile.

" 'We moderns,' said Epstein warmly, 'we have been told that every truth includes its opposite. I shall make a statue of you, in the style of my Genesis. Then the truth of beauty will be completed in you, and my statue of you.'

" 'Thank you, but as a woman I prefer half-truths,' Venus assured him. 'I'm so glad I came. Now I have always rewarded sculptors suitably.'

" 'I wanted to tell Epstein to run'—here Malakovic started smashing wildly again at the bits of marble—"but it was no use. Already that thing of his was waddling down off its pedestal. And then—"I love you," it wheezed out, 'come to these arms!'

" 'I am against mere philandering,' Epstein muttered, as his nerve began to fail.

" 'I love you,' it repeated, in a voice that buzzed like a circular saw tearing a log. 'Yes, you are adorable!'

" 'Keep it off!' Epstein cried to Venus.

" 'No, no,' the statue buzzed, 'be kind to me, I am to be your bride, I am to be Mrs. Frankenstein.'

" 'Then leave me, you belong to another,' shouted Epstein.

" 'What did you model its legs on?' Venus called. 'People might think they were like my legs, mightn't they!'

Malakovic shivered. "I looked at them, fascinated: the statue was advancing on Epstein with those knees bent like gigantic pincers.

" 'I believe,' Venus cried nastily, 'that you were inspired by a pair of rollers, in some steel rail mill.' Then Epstein began to yell; and though I wanted to save him, somehow I was helpless. Those giantess knees, they were rolling him now between them—rolling him, squeezing him out, just like a steel rail. His whole body, all but his head. And as his body flattened and was drawn swiftly out, his head shot up, swaying on the end of it—yes, he pulsed exactly like a length of railway track as it shoots out from between the rollers in a steel mill.

"Next thing—a flash, and we were all in Epstein's garden. The rail was stuck in the ground, there was his head on top of it. And both were turned to marble.

"Hearing laughter, delicate and sly, I looked at Venus. 'Ever so long ago,' she said, 'I brought a sculptor's statue to life. My power is immortal, as just now I showed you. Does every truth include its opposite? Well, I must be modern too. As well as bringing his statue to life, I have turned our sculptor into stone.' She glanced up at it. 'A work in the most advanced manner.'"

Malakovic smashed on with his hammer. I noticed that the book lying among the empty wine bottles was open at an illustration of Pygmalion and Galatea.

"A secret," Malakovic whispered. "This marble of mine was to have been a Venus, in the Genesis manner." He paused to point to the picture of Pygmalion. "From to-day my chisel carves nothing but portrait statues of the prettiest talkie stars—just in case."

SOME EARLY LETTERS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD

By E. Thomas Cook.

II.

Disraeli's vanity and self-respect both suffered a hard blow with the failure of his first House of Commons speech. For him mere expository explosions had to cease, and from the next letter it is clear that the "bottle green" had been discarded, and an ordered and ordinary Disraeli spoke at considerable length and with complete success on the Copyright Bill.

After the introduction of the Bill by Talfourd, "his style flowery with a wealth of mouthing utterances," Disraeli rose to make his second attempt on the patience of the House. "I was received with the utmost curiosity and attention—my voice, in spite of our doings at Maidstone (he had attended the Bankers' Banquet in his constituency an evening previously), was in perfect condition, my manner quiet and unembarrassed." All went well. A few pointed remarks expressed some thoughts which coincided with the views of the Opposition, and there was no confusion. It caused him some little mortification that the Press reports were most inadequate, but "I do not care about the meagre report—for I spoke to the House and not to the Public."

He concludes this letter, written on a Friday, with the following observation—"I really think, on the whole, tho' I have not time now to give the reasons, that the effect of my debut and the circumstances that attended it will ultimately be favourable to my career. Next to undoubted success, the best thing is to make a great noise."

The last two letters describe the scenes at the Coronation Service of Queen Victoria, and the subsequent Opening of Her First Parliament. Coronation Day was the 20th June, 1838. A letter was written on Thursday, the 29th June, at six o'clock.

The Abbey Service caused Disraeli great delight: attendance at the Ceremony demanded the correct form of dress. This created some little difficulty—"I did not get a dress until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 o'clock on the morning of the Ceremony, which fitted me very well, and I think it was very becoming. It turned out that I had a very fine leg, which I never knew before."

He records his position in the Abbey as "the very best" and commanded a complete, even if a distant view, of the whole proceeding. It is odd to note that in those days there was no limit to the free expression of approbation by those present at the Coronation Service. "The Duke was loudly cheered when he made his homage," others of the nobility received a like registration of approval if they comported themselves with becoming dignity. It is not hard to imagine in the event of any misdemeanour that the corresponding expression of disapproval would be heard—this, however, is by the way, though "Melbourne looked very awkward and uncouth, with his coronet cocked over his nose, his robes

under his feet, and holding the great Sword of State like a butcher."

"The Choir, the rival and opposite galleries of Peers and Peeresses, the Heralds, groups of Pages, Harbingers, etc., etc., formed a grand whole rare to see in modern Europe."

It was the kind of function that appealed to the young Member who was a martyr to pomp and ceremony.

The description of the State Opening of Parliament, the Speech from the Throne, and the Debate upon the Address occupied 26 pages of a letter written on the 21st November. It is the last of this series.

"The rush was terrific, Abercrombie himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon and his Mace Bearer banging the Members' heads with his gorgeous weapon and cracking skulls with impunity."

Disraeli himself escaped injury, and, what caused him infinite satisfaction, managed to occupy a good seat from which he viewed the magnificent spectacle. "The Queen looked admirable, no feathers, but a diamond tiara."

The Queen's Speech set the example from which there has never been a deviation up to the present day, whatever the crisis, and "was intentionally vague." The whole ceremony completed, he and a quartette of friends escaped "at the hazard of our lives to the Carlton." Here it was necessary after the scramble to refit and return once again to the House.

"The address was moved by Lord Leverson, a child apparently, in rich diplomatic uniform, and seconded by Gibson Craig, a new member, in a Court dress, looking like a footman. Leverson made a crammed speech like a schoolboy. Gibson Craig, of whom the Whigs had hopes, rose, stared like a stuck pig and said nothing—his friends cheered, he stammered, he stammered, all cheered, then there was silence, a dead and awful pause, and then he sat down like a fool—that was his performance."

The result of the Division on the Address was 509 to 20 in Queen Victoria's first Parliament.

He left the House shortly after ten, not having eaten all the day—"in a tumult and uproar unprecedented." He hove again to the Carlton, "where we dined off Guinness and broiled bones," and retired to bed at a half after twelve.

Of the whole series, this last letter is the most serious and descriptive, for the events of that day had impressed him. From the elevated we come of a sudden to the comic. There was a shortage of underclothing in his wardrobe, and it was November; he enjoins his sister to correct the oversight.

"You forgot to send me my drawers. I am distressed for them—send me half a dozen pairs in my shawl dressing gown."

CORRESPONDENCE

SUNDAY CINEMAS.

SIR,—The experience of a typical working class district such as Stepney may be of service to those who are still debating the question of what should be done with the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill which seeks to legalise the opening and use of places of entertainment on Sundays.

Personally I am strongly in favour of the measure, although my viewpoint is entirely personal and not necessarily coincident with that of my Council, who, whilst they have expressed no opinion on the present Bill, supported a similar Bill which was introduced in the last Session of Parliament.

I hold that the cinema is a harmless recreative amusement, involving the minimum of labour, and, with a higher standard of production capable of enabling people to appreciate the more beautiful side of life; while at the same time of assisting financially the hospitals who so largely depend for their funds upon the Sunday performances.

Early this month, for example, I made a tour of the East London Hospital for Children in Shadwell and never have I been more impressed with their care and well-being than I was in noting the devotion which is so conspicuously present at the Hospital. It was with some regret, therefore, that I found that the finances of the Hospital only covered the bare necessities of maintenance, and that it was quite impossible to supply those little luxuries which make the lot of patients so much easier to bear.

If our hospitals are now to be deprived of the revenue which they receive from cinemas many of these bare necessities will have to be curtailed.

MIRIAM MOSES, *Mayor*.

*Mayor's Parlour,
St. George's Town Hall,
Cable Street, E.1.*

THE FUR CRUSADE.

SIR,—As I wanted to get hold of the younger generation, I have sent a circular letter to the Headmistresses of about 1,600 girls' schools in England and overseas, asking them to allow me to send a Fur Crusade leaflet for each of their elder girls, to be enclosed in letters home after being read. Sixty-six schools, so far, have responded, and I have sent them nearly 11,000 leaflets.

These leaflets, as most of your readers are aware, draw attention to the great cruelty of wearing trapped furs, which have been done to death in agony; and also give a white list, naming those furs which are obtained with a minimum of suffering.

Fur fabrics, of course, entail no suffering at all; and it is surely far better to buy these, which will encourage a growing British industry and give employment to thousands of our people, than to pour money into the pockets of foreign fur traders.

My advice is, that if you must have real furs, then buy

only those that are named on the White List, and may be considered humane.

It is nearly three years since I started this anti-trapping campaign, which has now extended all over the world. Over 200,000 leaflets have been sent out free of charge, and 1,070 advertisements have been inserted in the press. Much more will be done as soon as the necessary funds are available; so may I hope that readers will help me in this work of out-lawing what is probably the greatest mass martyrdom in the world to-day?

C. VAN DER BYL (*Major*).

Towcester, Northants.

May 18th, 1932.

BARN OWL CENSUS 1932

SIR,—The diminishing number of Barn (or White) Owls in England and Wales in recent years is giving concern to agriculturists and students of bird life. In order to obtain information as to the facts of the case, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is instituting a Census of Barn Owls breeding during the summer of 1932; and helpers are required in every part of the country to find out and record where in their own localities the birds are nesting.

All who may be willing and able to assist the enquiry by undertaking to report upon a definite area, are asked to communicate with Mr. G. B. Blaker, Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, nr. Horsham, Sussex, who is organising the work, and to indicate the extent of the area to be allotted to them. Census forms, with suggestions as to how the work may be carried out most easily and effectively, will then be forwarded. It is hoped that valuable information will thus be obtained as to the status of this useful bird.

FRANK E. LEMON,

*Hon. Secretary, Royal Society for the
Protection of Birds.*

*82, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.*

May 18th, 1932,

THE POST IMPRESSIONISTS

SIR,—Grateful as I am for your appreciative and praising review of "The Lure of the Fine Arts" in your issue of 14th May, I beg you will allow this adjustment of a serious imputation. It is not the Impressionists of whom, as you remark, I have nothing to say; but the Post Impressionists. These, truly, I ignore because I can find nothing good in them; but the Impressionists, from Turner onwards, receive consistent enthusiastic exposition. Your imputation will therefore prove an injustice to me and a damage to the book's reputation. Sir George Clausen's allusion to a "blind spot" refers not to the Impressionists, but to more modern adventurous influences; and this soft impeachment I readily admit.

F. C. TILNEY.

Cheam.

May 14th, 1932.

THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

SIR,—An oath to the King of Ireland, as such, may not be quite impossible, since All Ireland still remains one of the most ancient Kingdoms in Europe, as no country can abrogate in her rank, any more than peers and baronets in private life. Yet one Governor General could be already given these offices for both Northern and Southern Ireland together and in this way act as a Bond of Union, while he might even be given the title of Regent. Privy Councillors for All Ireland are also still in existence for such a Council. The two legislations might also hold Twin Sittings alternatively in Dublin and Belfast without any new Treaties or Acts of Parliament.

In the meantime, Ulster herself could act as a Bond of Union between the Mother Country and others with Dominion status, besides Crown Colonies and Dependencies.

She might even be made the centre of issue for an Imperial currency now that sterling has come to the surface again, as it could be extended as legal tender throughout the Empire, and so increase its purchasing power, while new tariffs will soon require at least one Free Port for the re-export of goods.

And where could a better be found than Belfast, already a great shipping centre, and still part of the Mother Country, although separated by the sea from Britain.

JOHN BURTON.



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CHURCH ARMY

FRESH AIR HOMES

NEW NOVELS

The Invincible Adam. By G. S. Viereck and P. Elridge. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

Full Board. By Margery Maitland Davidson. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

The Sweepstake Prize. By A. P. Nicholson. Benn. 7s. 6d.

The title of this last of the "Two Thousand Year" saga would suffice as a review—invincible Adam, ageless, and tireless, struggling through life, searching for love and the dividing line that runs safely between civilisation and savagery, between passion and love. Love which stands for friendship, for comradeship, and passion which springs in the heart of an ape man. The hero of this last of the trilogy is Kotikokura; the ape man who, born in the jungle, has lived in the world since the beginning of things. Kotikokura, ape man, friend of the wandering Jew, and the wandering jewess; Kotikokura, who stands for eternal youth; Kotikokura, who strains after an unseen goal; the ape man who is wholly man, wholly masculine. The struggle is hard, for the two sides of him are constantly at war—on one hand the perfect man and on the other the base primitive side. And the result? Neither side of him can gain ascendancy—the God in him lives, and the monkey in him lives, side by side. He passed through abstemious, repressed stages and then Nature took her revenge in violent reactions.

Mr. Viereck and Mr. Elridge have delved deep, and whatever the sex of the reader, it is impossible not to find oneself and one's thoughts suddenly peeping out from one or all of the three of this trilogy. "My First Two Thousand Years" and "Salome" were the Man and Woman of the World, but Kotikokura is eternal youth, eternal passion, struggling against itself, seldom understanding, seldom succeeding, but Youth, invincible Youth, for all that.

Strange adventures appear as century follows century, and the realisation that one knows this strange, lovable individual intimately; this strange individual without family or background. Kotikokura—was he man or ape? He was born in the jungle, and there with his immense stature, with his hairy chest, he fell upon women and raped them, biting their bare ears until he drew blood. And long ages after, in the modern New York hotel, when he hears the lamenting African music wheezed out of a modern dance band, incensed by bad modern drink, he falls upon woman again and bites her ear until she screams for help and Kotikokura finds himself in court. We watch him with Alexandra and Alexander, with Caesar's wife, with Salome; we find him as the Great God Pan. As Adam we see his rib taken for Eve. We see him in Jerusalem and mark his meeting with the wandering Jew. He finds his way to Damascus and runs away with a harem of four hundred wives, and being Kotikokura we find him coping successfully with the whole four hundred! He visits Saladin, he lives again as the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he is a model to Michelangelo's artist. We follow him

from adventure to adventure, we see his encounter with civilisation, we see him struggling to differentiate between dross and purity, between sex and love. Kotikokura, the irrepressible Adam. It is a staggering book. I recommend it to all as an interesting psychological study; all, that is, who are interested in the discovery of a love that is not all passion and sex; all who wish in any way to discover the truth and a better understanding, like Kotikokura, of sex and love in its many difficulties and problems.

Miss Davidson has taken a leaf out of Miss Hoults' book, and once again we have the boarding house as the setting for our stage. The story wraps itself round the landlady's niece, Dulcie. Dulcie was not beautiful, but her attraction lay in her fund of sympathy and, although mixed up in all the sordid details of life, in her simplicity. It is a well-told tale, but a word of criticism—would all those strange happenings have taken place in one very ordinary boarding house? The Colonel hoping to marry Miss Dick, who couldn't quite make up her mind. Miss Lesley sleeping with Mr. Bond whilst Mrs. Bond was eating her heart out for her husband, but who, just at the end of the book and after the murder of Mr. Bond, suddenly finds out that she didn't really love her husband, and realises that she would like to marry Dr. Roberts. Miss Lesley having a baby (and Mrs. Bond not minding a bit when she heard that her husband had been murdered in Limehouse and that he was the father of the baby). And Mabel going off on a "free-love" jaunt, and Dulcie, although she loved Dr. Roberts, on finding that he had decided to marry the widowed Mrs. Bond, still keeping her innocence and going on with her own little romance with Bert. This is a long word of criticism, and yet, notwithstanding all these rather amazing happenings in one boarding house, it is quite a readable story.

Unlike so many modern novelists, Mr. Nicholson has a tale to tell; a tale that does not flag, and which grips the imagination in a way that is almost old-fashioned. This is no sex novel; no meandering modern novel with difficult complexes and characters to puzzle over—it is a tale of a beautiful girl, her rather stupid lover with a heart of gold, and, hush! of a villain of the days of old. And the theme grips at once. Would a sweepstake prize, so coveted, so longed for, bring happiness to ordinary everyday people, or would it bring disaster and misery in its wake? In his book Mr. Nicholson has tried to answer this question, and at the end it almost seems that had one to choose between sudden riches or the continuance of an ordinary humdrum life, our choice would more safely fall on the everyday life and *not* the fortune.

There were times in the book when I felt that Hugh and Darley could never have been quite such unmitigated idiots; there were times, too, when the heroine seemed a trifle too sweet and feminine, and this hardly fitted in when I read of her going off on a trial week-end to see whether she was really in love or not (and it did turn out to be the wrong young man!), yet, told with Mr. Nicholson's honesty and ability, the story romps home.

REVIEWS

Swinburne. A Literary Biography. By Georges Lafourcade. Bell. 15s.

Beddoes. Tennyson. Selected and Edited by F. L. Lucas. Cambridge University Press. 5s. each.

The Fivefold Screen. By William Plomer. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

ONE'S reaction to this book depends on one's view of the importance of Swinburne. It is possible to see in Swinburne the tyranny of an age which debased the functions and qualities of verse and infected the best minds with a disease of vaporisation and escape. The excessive vaporisation of Swinburne's verse is not a brick to be thrown at his memory. It is the essential quality of his verse, to be left or taken. Those who are growing now into consciousness, first consciousness or fuller consciousness, prefer to leave it; and probably they are right. Swinburne's verse has little to offer an adult mind. And his life? As the "Baudelairian grand seigneur," to use Dr. Lafourcade's expression, his life, like that of any exceptional man, is worth exploration. When one reads "there was always in Swinburne's verse, despite the belief in the blind power of fate, a virile acceptance of the conditions of life, something strenuous, indomitable and almost joyful, which intimated that for the poet life possessed a definite meaning and perhaps an ulterior end," one wonders whether Dr. Lafourcade's head and feet habitually change places.

These are two of a new series of anthology, the picking of the representative best of each poet, including letters and prose (or a sprinkling of them) as well as verse fragments. Mr. Lucas is a conservative, but able, critic, who writes not from the top of one high castle but from a castle built for each author he tackles. His introductions are brief and adequate and not merely formal; and his selection (from Beddoes especially) is very sensitive.

One imagined that there were in Mr. William Plomer the seeds of a poet. His earlier books "Notes for Poems" and "The Family Tree," showed the seedlings above ground. How they were going to grow was uncertain. Their spacing was irregular, their direction of growth contradictory. One hoped to see them thinned, to see them nourished and increasing to decided strength. But in "The Fivefold Screen" they are the same as ever, all there, longer, stragglier, weaker, crowding and killing each other, showing no certainty of development. Some of the poems in this book are good reading to the habitual reader of verse, and may seem good poetry to those who habitually read, as Mr. Plomer, it seems, now writes, fiction. When they are satirical, the bite is controlled. It is no frantic, undignified, Pomeranian snapping, but the emotional share in his verse, straight or satirical, seems to have become less, without any complementary increase in the spice of ideas. One fears, in short, that Mr. Plomer has joined the Gold Rush; and the Gold Rush is the pursuit (one would say no word against) of satisfaction, fame and cash in the writing of novels. No man can serve verse and fiction. One is plus to the other's minus, and to establish friendly relations between the two in one life time requires the stature of a Thomas Hardy.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

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THE UNKNOWN PREMIER

Politicians and the War, 1914-16. By Lord Beaverbrook. The Lane Publications. 7s. 6d. net.

The Strange Case of Andrew Bonar Law. By H. A. Taylor. Stanley Paul. 18s. net.

"IT is fitting" said Lord Oxford at the funeral of Mr. Bonar Law, "that we should have buried the Unknown Premier by the side of the Unknown Warrior." Lord Oxford, as was well known, had much the same intellectual contempt for Bonar Law that Mr. Lloyd George is said to have for his successors; and a good many Tories of the day, if they did not actually share the Liberal opinion, were at least inclined to agree that Bonar was a sad declension from Balfour,—a verdict that neither Balfour nor Bonar Law would have seriously disputed.

All three have now passed into history, and it is possible to reconsider these personal verdicts. Intellectually, A. J. B. no doubt towered above both Asquith and Bonar Law, in virtue of his philosophic grasp, his subtlety of mind, and his interest in science as well as statecraft. Asquith's mentality was less wide than that of his Tory opponent—outside politics and the law his attitude and opinions were conventional if not actually superficial—and the indecision of character which was a feature of his later years caused his deposition from the Premiership in the third year of the war. On that matter Lord Beaverbrook's testimony, as an eye-witness and participant in the political drama of 1916, is unimpeachable; but here he only confirms a mass of other evidence, against which Mr. J. A. Spender's loyal defence of his friend is valiant but ineffective.

Of Bonar Law it must be said that intellectually he was a lesser man than Asquith. A specialist in the economic field, he was never quite at home in more purely political affairs; but he excelled Asquith (and in some sort Balfour also) by the decision of his mind. He wanted nothing for himself, but he knew exactly what the country needed—or what he thought it needed—and he stuck to his point through fair weather and foul. It was this that gave him his firm position in the party and the country, and it is for this rather than for any speech or epigram or statute that he will be remembered.

Lord Beaverbrook was his closest friend and adviser, and many readers, remembering this, will have been prepared for sheer adulation of Bonar Law from his pen. Nothing of the kind is here; on the contrary, his character-sketch is almost perfectly balanced as an estimate:

"Disinterested beyond his contemporaries and colleagues to an almost abnormal degree, he was capable of occasional flashes of personal ambition, which blazed out in the face of critical opposition from supporters or colleagues, or of abuse in the public Press. This was curious in a man who was, as a rule, so impervious to abuse. None the less, although he cared nothing for what was said of him, such opposition roused him to a determination to assert his power and to great vigour of action for the moment. Then the fire died away, and he resumed an attitude of passive philosophy beyond and outside that of passion and strife. He was not really bored with life, but the original affectation that he was so had by long habit almost superseded the reality. He never told a lie in a great thing, and very seldom in a small one; in trifles he was selfish, though kind-hearted and capable of singular devotion to family and friends. In large matters he was

of an extraordinary generosity, and would sacrifice the whole comfort of his life for a friend or a cause."

Lord Beaverbrook's verdict on his friend will pass into history as the final estimate. Mr. Taylor, writing apparently without personal or first-hand knowledge, is obviously at a disadvantage in this respect, but he has collected the materials for his biography with much care and attention, and has produced an interesting and impartial study of a singularly elusive character.

THE SOUL OF THE VILLAGE

The Labouring Life. Henry Williamson. Cape. 7s. 6d. Limited Edition. 31s. 6d.

THAT extremely beautiful description of rural life, "The Village Book", called for a complement and in "The Labouring Life", Mr. Williamson adds the second half to the picture. Again, incidents in the village are alternated with delightful vistas of country lanes and streams, with trees and flowers, with acute observations of the comedies and tragedies of wild life, and the cycle of the year is completed.

There is a simplicity and charm about this second volume which the first, in some degree, lacked, so that it appears at once more tolerant and more mature. But there is the same haunting beauty and charm, the same sensitiveness towards Nature in all her moods and the same tenderness towards pain.

Taking the two books together, they form an impressive monument to Hodge, to his simplicity of life and actions, to his worthiness of recognition and to his essential loveliness. Hodge's saga has been sung once before by Maurice Hewlett in "The Song of the Plow"; read and appreciated, alas, by far too few; and Mr. Williamson's two books stand worthily with that one in a worthy cause. They amplify Maurice Hewlett's structure, filling in the environment which is just as much a part of Hodge as are his sayings and doings, and giving to the impersonal spirit of the edifice the actual personality of the country labourer.

In the complicated fabric of modern life as we live it to-day, there is a tendency to overlook the value of simplicity and to discard it for more ephemeral but more vivid emotions. And with it goes Hodge, for he is the embodiment of natural simplicity. Though this book may be unable to stem the forces of disintegration which are already at work, it will at least retain for us a picture on which to model ourselves when the realisation of the need of simplicity comes back with the turn of the wheel.

Mr. Williamson brings the spirit of poetry into his prose and his words flow with a haunting rhythmical beauty that makes reading a delight. Coupled with an acute observation of natural detail and a deep love for the richness and fecundity of our English soil, he brings the very spirit of nature into his book so that each page is redolent of growing things.

"The Labouring Life" is a notable piece of work and Mr. Williamson takes his place naturally with those who have added to the store of the world's beauty. There is profound truth in his pages for those who care to read and understand, and a simple sincerity which should endear this book, together with its fellow, "The Village Book", to all discriminating readers.

Heirs to the Hapsburgs. By G. E. R. Gedye. Arrow-smith. 12s. 6d. net.

TWICE within twenty years, in July, 1914, and June, 1931, Vienna has been the instrument for precipitating European crisis and its British reaction. Nor can the second date be disassociated from the crime of Sarajevo. Old Francis Joseph reputedly said that after his death the great Powers would destroy Austria-Hungary and only then would discover the need for it, thereupon having to re-build it. Admittedly and perhaps designedly Mr. Gedye's interpretation of the Succession States goes far to confirm the Emperor's view. And there is this to commend the author as a just guide in the welter of Balkan intrigue, that he has fairly earned a name for honest and outspoken comment, whose lines of political criticism are frequently justified by results.

The author of "The Revolver Republic" describes the main elements in racial origin and disparate ambition of the pre-war Dual Monarchy. His comments on "slovenly" Austria and efficient, domineering Magyar Hungary are interspersed with the insight of the trained journalist, seeking morsels of news. His diagnosis is little different from a hundred others. What makes his book is his subsequent analysis, described with relish and wit, of the almost fantastic countries created by the Treaty makers. Socialist Vienna is equitably described, though hardly as a symbol of organisational efficiency; Hungary too, suffering from a dozen irredentas, revolution and counter-revolution, a central thieves' kitchen for conspirators throughout Central Europe; Rumania, dirty and corrupt; Bulgaria (which the late Sir William Garstin always declared to be the best of the bunch) now sore oppressed—for how long?—and dictatorial Yugoslavia fighting an uneven battle against Italy and her cohorts. Behind all is Hapsburg restoration, countered by France's "golden bullets."

Poland the author virtually omits, Czecho-Slovakia is amply described. What some must consider a blot is the omission to describe the tortuous path of the Papacy in these countries where once the Cardinal's College held such sway. Mons. Seipel indeed is adequately described. If it is true, as so many Protestants believe, that the Papacy alone in July, 1914, could have stopped the European War via Vienna, failing through a mistaken reliance on papist influence in Paris, that weighty power cannot have vanished over-night. Or is it replaced? But that apart, this book is just what the mass of Englishmen want, a lucid and analytical account of the career since 1918 of the old Empire of the one (20th Century) Caesar Rex Imperator Semper Augustus.

Julius Caesar. By John Buchan. Davies. 5s.

NOW that Greek and Latin are less read than they used to be, it is very important that the classical spirit and view of life should be kept alive by translations and histories, and Colonel Buchan has done for Caesar very much what Professor Murray has done for Euripides. The unity of a good biography is naturally

more interesting to the average reader than an ordinary history, and this is particularly true of such a chaotic period as the last century B.C., to which the life of Caesar gives coherence and intelligibility. Colonel Buchan has kept the right proportion between facts and principles, so that the trees and the wood are equally clear. By a skilful use of modern terms he has shown the similarity of the Roman Empire to our own, in its haphazard growth, the character of its citizens at their best and their worst, the danger of a proletariat possessed of the vote but without responsibility. Caesar himself is drawn with insight and sympathy—his development from a popular young man-about-town to a great statesman, his genius as a commander and organiser (perhaps the finest passage in the book), his happy blend of foresight and opportunism, his breadth of vision and grasp of detail, his judgment of men, his charm of character and forgiving temper. Galla, Cicero, Cato, Catiline, and the rest are briefly but vividly portrayed as real men, quite unlike the lay figures in the poet Lucan. The campaigns are rendered more interesting and intelligible by the use of modern place names.

All this is done with an aptness and lucidity of style which we should expect from the author of "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and if a few rare words like "apolaustic" have crept in, this is merely a hint to the reader to enlarge his own vocabulary.

There is an idea about that a Big Bank is interested only in Big Business. Is that really the case? Surely, the wide variety of localities in which you can see branches of the Westminster Bank should alone be enough to dispel the notion. To all, a banking account supplies a background—a feeling of stability; and those who may have misgivings about opening one with 'so little' are invited to find that their hesitation may have been groundless

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WESTMINSTER BANK
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The Peace Makers, 1814-1815. By J. G. Lockhart. Duckworth. 16s.

IN this volume Mr. Lockhart has collected some interesting and instructive essays for the general reader on the congress of Vienna and certain figures connected with it. Seven of the essays are short and well-informed biographies of Talleyrand, Metternich, Alexander I, Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning and Wilberforce, three of whom never went near the Congress, and for the inclusion of whom Mr. Lockhart feels constrained to utter a word of apology. But, whatever may be thought of Canning, Pitt, the author of the plan of 1805 which so closely anticipated the settlement of 1815, and Wilberforce, the champion of the slave trade condemned by the Congress, are clearly not out of place in the volume.

The biographical essays provide excellent reading, in which Mr. Lockhart's skill in presentation does not allow the serious issues which these statesmen had to face to be obscured by over-abundance of anecdotal detail. On the vexed question of the merits of Castlereagh and Canning, his judgement follows Lord Morley's in favour of the more unpopular figure, while in the essay on Pitt he shows little liking for the Whig view of his domestic policy during the great war. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart might possibly have pushed the defence further, for clumsy as Pitt's measures were, they were the counterpart of the Defence of the Realm Act of our day, and like that much abused engine of government, had a supreme value in steadying the nation at a moment when it was not far from panic.

The two opening essays are more ambitious. The second is a review of the work of the Congress in general, and contains a welcome reminder that balance of power is a principle of treaty making which, far from being foolish, as some of our theorists would have it be, is one that should, in this imperfect world, never be left out of sight. Nor is this the only point in which in his lively pages Mr. Lockhart, armed with the experience of history, tilts at the modern idols of the market place. The other essay is an attempt to assess the place of statesmen in the field of historical achievement. Mr. Lockhart's view is that it is not so much the great men, the Gladstones and the Disraelis as the Shaftesburys, the Wilberforces and even the Plimsolls who bequeath to posterity achievements of indisputable value. The mainsprings of the action of politicians we are told to find in "hidden forces, generated, as it were, in innumerable cells, and used as a rule, not by the men whom we term political leaders, but abnormally by the rare man of genius or normally by the single-hearted enthusiast." There is no doubt much truth in this, but surely this is just where the Gladstones and Disraelis have achieved most in history. Their followers might retort to Mr. Lockhart that the monuments of their leaders' achievements are to be found anywhere but in statues and protocols; for the enthusiasms with which they inspired their contemporaries and their children, such as sympathy for the weak and faith in their country's mission are their real achievements, visible for more than a generation in the events which preceded the war of 1914.

L. G. WICKHAM LEGG.

The Official System of Auction Bridge. Putnam. 5s.
Kervin in Contract. Appleton. 3s. 6d.

CONTRACT Bridge players, a large number of whom follow the "Culbertson" system, will be interested in an authoritative explanation of the new "Official System" which comes from America and is rapidly spreading in this country. In the Official System, the opening bid of two in a suit becomes a game invitation bid whilst not unconditionally forcing; slam possibilities are shown by an opening bid of three instead of two, and it is claimed that with a hand of intermediate strength greater elasticity is possible in the bidding than heretofore.

A large number of illustrative hands are given, and the new methods are explained simply and yet fully, with precise information as to take-outs, re-bids, and defensive calling; whilst the test questions at the end of each chapter enable the reader to follow his own progress. There is no doubt that the Official System which is sponsored by such authorities as Miss Kervin, Wilbur Whitehead, George Reith, Milton Work, E. V. Shepard, and Sidney Lenz, is destined to form an important part in modern Bridge-playing tactics.

Miss Kervin's little book is wholly admirable: no space is wasted, so that it may even be carried in the pocket, yet all the main features are set out with clearness and precision.

E.H.G.R.

The Country Gentleman and Other Essays. By Godfrey Locker-Lampson. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Unconsidered Trifles. By Compton Mackenzie. Secker. 6s.

THERE is an appreciative sanity about Mr. Locker-Lampson's essays which lifts them a little above the general run. They show a care, both in choice of subject and in treatment, which invests them with a well-ordered and balanced authority and there is nothing in the book which is likely to suggest those two apologies for the essay proper, "sketches" or "impressions," for even in the lighter essays there has been thoughtful preparation of the material.

They are both constructive and instructive in their blend of philosophy, meditation and evenness of outlook, and there is a slight flavour of Lord Avebury's immortal little book about one or two of them, indicative of a deep insight into the more emotional needs of humanity.

There is a sincerity about Mr. Locker-Lampson's work which makes one dig a little below the surface which he exposes and this, coupled with the style of the writing and an economy and restraint which is admirable, makes a valuable and extremely readable book.

Mr. Mackenzie's new book is a collection of his journalistic work over a period of some twenty years and as such it shows traces of patchiness. It is a little disappointing in some parts, a little superficial in others, but there is a quality of lightness and an easy graceful flow of words which redeems, to some extent, the paucity of material which has gone to the making of these essays.

It is when he writes about islands, about birds and flowers and gardens, that we get Mr. Mackenzie at his best. These are the best part of a book which, though easy and pleasant to read, yet leaves one a little unsatisfied when the last page has been turned.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

The Life of Lewis Carroll, by Langford Reed. Foyle. 7s. 6d. Round about rather than about.

Akbar, by Laurence Binyon. Davies. 5s. The Indian conqueror's life story in short.

The Strange Case of Andrew Bonar Law, by H. A. Taylor. S. Paul. 18s. Reviewed this week.

The Country Gentleman and Other Essays, by Godfrey Locker-Lampson. Cape. 7s. 6d. Reviewed this week.

The Game of Politics, by P. Cambray. Murray. 3s. 6d. Cynical, instructive, intriguing.

Frank Harris, by Hugh Kingmill. Cape. 7s. 6d. Our own former Editor under the harrow.

Lenin, by J. Maxton. Davies. 5s. Will sell on its title alone.

Bougainville, by Maurice Thiery. Grayson. 15s. Translated. The French empire-builder's life story.

India, by A. Philip. Jackson. 10s. 6d. And *Danger in India*, by G. Tyson. Murray. 3s. 6d. Respectively vouched for by Lords Burnham and Lytton.

Disarmament, 1925-31, by J. W. Wheeler Bennett. Unwin. 12s. 6d. Suitable for local libraries.

St. Thomas a Becket in Art, by T. Borenius. Methuen. 12s. 6d. For the architect and student.

Memory's Parade, by A. Wallis Myers. Methuen. 7s. 6d. The famous tennis player's impressions of the last thirty years.

The Influence of Islam, by Rev. C. J. Bolus. Lincoln Williams. 10s. 6d. The effect of Islam upon contemporary thought.

Ireland and Irishmen in the French Revolution, by R. Hayes. Benn. 21s. A graphic account of Irish men and women in the revolution.

Perception, by H. H. Price. Methuen. 12s. 6d. A treatise for those interested in philosophy and psychology.

NOVELS

Little Red Horses, by G. B. Stern. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The Black Swan, by Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Gilded Halo, by Cosmo Hamilton. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Royal Flush, by Margaret Irwin. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d. Chosen by the Book Society for June.

Shaitan: A Dog Gone Wild, by C. T. Stoneham. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

Business in the City continues to stagnate and Stock Exchange markets remain without life. It becomes increasingly evident as the days and weeks pass that the ills from which we are suffering arise mainly from a lack of confidence. Increased credit facilities, cheap money and, so far as this country is concerned, a balanced Budget, have, as yet, proved powerless to arrest the decline in trade and unemployment, while conditions both in Europe and the United States grow steadily worse. Here, at home, things generally show improvement, but until other nations co-operate with us by restoring their financial and economic equilibrium and balancing their Budgets by drastic economies, there seems little hope of real recovery anywhere. It is the international character of the crisis that demands international co-operation to bring about a lasting remedy.

Reliance Building Society.

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A Dangerous Expedient.

To try the expedient suggested in some quarters of forcing up commodity prices by an expansion of credit in the hope of reviving industry might prove dangerous in the extreme. As the Westminster Bank points out in a well-reasoned article in its May Review, once such a movement were started it might be difficult to secure unanimity as to the point at which it should stop, or to control its velocity and duration. In any case, the writer maintains, "unilateral action by this country cannot solve the world's problems." "Whether eventually," the writer goes on, "a world-wide rise in prices may not accompany a recovery of trade, is a more open question. The movement, however, if and when it occurs, must have a wider scope than that which any single currency, however influential, can provide. It is rather in the domain of leadership, aiming at extensive international agreement, that Great Britain's contribution to the solution of urgent world problems can be most helpfully made."

Big Fall in Oil Profits.

The severe depression in the Oil industry is reflected in the financial results for the past year of two of the big oil-producing and refining concerns, namely, the Royal Dutch and the "Shell" Transport and Trading companies. Royal Dutch profits were less than a third what they were in 1930, amounting, at par, to £2,326,887,

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against £7,569,701; while those of the "Shell" company were practically halved at £2,557,259. As a result dividends have had to be cut substantially, shareholders of the former company getting 6 per cent. as compared with 17 per cent., and those of the latter 7½ per cent., tax free, against 17½ per cent., tax free, for 1930. Both companies are, however, still financially strong. In this respect it may be some comfort to the shareholders of the Royal Dutch to learn from the directors' report that no matter how long the present crisis continues, the group will be in a position to hold its own as long as any other petroleum company. The "Shell" directors state that the two parent companies of the group and the companies in which they hold 100 per cent. interest have nearly £20,000,000 in cash and British Government securities. Clearly a strong position.

Sound Railway Stock.

A "safety-first" investment that is worthy of attention at the present time is the recently issued 5 per cent. Special Debenture Stock of the Bengal and North Western Railway Company. The stock is quoted in the market around its issue price of 95½, free of stamp duty, and on this basis a yield of nearly £5 5s. per cent. is obtainable. The company owns one of the most prosperous railways in India and its Debenture charges are very well secured. It works independently of any Government guarantee and is a consistently good dividend payer. For last year it distributed 18 per cent. on £8,000,000 of ordinary capital, while for the three preceeding years the rate was 19 per cent. per annum. Thus the interest on the debenture stock to which attention is called is covered many times over.

Eagle, Star Results.

Sustained progress is indicated by the report and accounts for 1931 of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Ltd. Despite the many difficulties of the year the business of the company has been well maintained and the results achieved in the principal departments enable substantial transfers to be made to the profit and loss account. Net interest from investments amounted to £150,784, an increase of £3,858 over the previous year. This interest alone more than covers the cost of dividends on the share capital, apart altogether from the usual trading profits. Depreciation and exchange reserves have been fully provided for by the transfer of £150,000 from the general reserve fund. As already announced the ordinary shares are again to receive a dividend of 20 per cent., which gives 6 per cent. on the Preference shares and 10 per cent. on the Preferred ordinary. After paying these dividends the amount carried forward shows a net increase of £4,106 at £72,788. The total assets of the company and its subsidiaries at 31st December last amounted to £21,511,346.



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Miscellaneous

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I AM preparing a study on Benjamin Franklin Bache (1769-1796) and am anxious to locate manuscript material relating to him. I should greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of the whereabouts of such papers and should like, if possible, to make arrangements for securing photostatic copies of unpublished documents, or possibly purchase such as may be for sale. Bernard Fay, address care of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, 34, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or 16, Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, France.

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the most interesting of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- LYRIC. *Dangerous Corner*. By J. B. Priestley. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Recommended rather to the connoisseur than to the ordinary playgoer. Review next week.
- LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle.
- CRITERION. *Musical Chairs*. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."
- QUEEN'S. *Heartbreak House*. By Bernard Shaw. 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.
- ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat., 2.40. Uproarious comedy, not for the squeamish.
- PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.
- ST. MARTIN'S. *Somebody Knows*. By John van Druten. 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Review this week.

BROADCASTING

- Monday, May 30th, 6.50 p.m. Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on "New Books."
- 11.15 p.m. Mr. Lionel Secombe will give an Eye-Witness Account of the Boxing Contest between Camera and Gains.
- Tuesday, May 31st, 6.55 p.m. The Prelude and Act I. of "The Mastersingers," conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, will be relayed from The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The cast includes Lotte Lehmann as Eva, Friedrich Schorr as Hans Sachs, and Fritz Wolff as Walther.
- 8.30 p.m. Continuing the series, "Life among Native Tribes," Dr. Audrey Richards will give a talk on "The Rhodesian Native in his Home."
- Wednesday, June 1st, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Gerald Heard will give his fortnightly talk on "This Surprising World."
- 7.30 p.m. Mr. A. Lloyd James will continue his series, "Speech in the Modern World," with a talk on "Speech Structure."

Thursday, June 2nd, 7.30 p.m. "Nationalism in Politics" is the subject of the second talk in Professor Arnold J. Toynbee's series, "The Disintegration of the Modern World Order."

7.40 p.m. The Overture and Act I. of "Tannhauser" will be relayed from Covent Garden, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The cast includes Josephine Wray, Kurt Taucher, Ludwig Hofmann and Herbert Janssen.

9.20 p.m. Sir Andrew McFadyen will give the first of two talks on "Reparation and the Lausanne Conference."

Friday, June 3rd, 7.10 p.m. Mr. Ernest Newman, the B.B.C. Music Critic, will give his fortnightly talk.

7.30 p.m. Continuing his series, "Biology in the Service of Man," Sir J. Arthur Thomson will talk about "Claude Bernard (1813-1878) — One of the Founders of Modern Physiology."

Saturday, June 4th, 6.30 p.m. Dr. J. D. Benjafield will give an Eye-Witness Account of the 1,000 Miles Race at Brooklands.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. Marlene Dietrich continues in this good melodrama, directed by Mr. Josef von Sternberg.
- THE CAPITOL. *The Frightened Lady*. Film version of the late Mr. Wallace's play. Good entertainment of its kind.
- THE ACADEMY. *Madchen in Uniform*. A German picture, brilliantly acted and directed.
- THE REGAL. *The Crowd Roars*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE EMPIRE. *Tarsan*. A silly story, but some extraordinary trick photography.
- THE RIALTO. *Il est Charmant*. French musical comedy, with Henry Garat.
- THE TIVOLI. *The Lost Squadron*. A poor story, but some good flying thrills.
- THE NEW GALLERY. *The Devil's Lottery*. Criticized in this issue.

GENERAL RELEASES

- The Guardsman*. Mr. Molnar's amusing satirical comedy. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine.
- Frankenstein*. A good monster, but the rest doesn't come off.
- Beau Chumps*. Laurel and Hardy in an amusing skit on the Foreign Legion films.